

A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS
AND
HYMNS.

PUBLISHED

By JOHN WESLEY, M. A.
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THE TWELFTH EDITION.

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COLLECTION

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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P S A L M S and H Y M N S.



P S A L M I.

- 1 **B**LEST is the Man, and none but he,
Who walks not with ungodly men,
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
Nor sits the innocent to' arraign;
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.
- 2 Obedience is his pure delight,
To do the pleasure of his Lord:
His exercise by day and night
To search his soul-converting word:
The law of Liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.
- 3 Fast by the streams of Paradise
He as a pleasant plant shall grow;
The tree of righteousness shall rise,
And all his blooming honours show;
Spread out his boughs and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,
His works of Faith shall never cease;
His happy toil shall all succeed,
Whom God himself delights to bless:
But no success th' ungodly find,
Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.
- 5 No portion and no place have they
With those whom God vouchsafes to approve;

Cast in the dreadful Judgment-day,
 Who trample on their Saviour's love ;
 Who here their bleeding Lord deny,
 Shall perish, and for ever die.

P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**HY do the Jews and Gentiles join,
 To execute a vain design ;
 Idly their utmost power engage,
 And storm with unavailing rage ?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings, their Lord oppose,
 The rulers list themselves his foes,
 To fight against their God agree,
 And slay the incarnate Deity ?
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
 And Jesus, his anointed Son ;
 To rise from all subjection freed,
 And reign Almighty in his stead.
- 4 The Lord, that calmly sits above,
 Enthron'd in everlasting Love,
 Shall all their feeble threats deride,
 And laugh to scorn their furious pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address,
 And vex his baffled enemies ;
 " Yet I have glorified my Son,
 " And plac'd him on his Father's throne ;
- 6 " Conqueror of sin, and death, and hell,
 " He reigns a prince invincible :
 " All power is now to Jesus given,
 " Triumphant on the hill of heaven.
- 7 " I publish the divine Decree,
 " That all shall live who trust in Me :
 " Look unto me, ye ransom'd race,
 " Believe, and ye are sav'd by grace.
- 8 " I heard my gracious Father say,
 " Thou art my Son : on this glad day
 " Thou art declar'd my Son with power,
 " Rais'd from the dead to die no more.

9 " Ask,

- 9 " Ask, and the Gentile world receive,
 " All, All, I to thy prayer will give,
 " So dearly bought with blood divine,
 " Lo ! every soul of man is thine.
- 10 " Whoe'er withstand a pardoning God,
 " Shall groan beneath thine iron rod :
 " Whoe'er their Advocate repel,
 " The anger of their Judge shall feel.
- 11 " Wherefore to him ye kings submit,
 " Be wise to fall, and kiss his feet :
 " With awful joy revere his sway,
 " Ye Rulers of the earth obey.
- 12 " Worship the co-eternal Son,
 " Lest you in anger he disown,
 " His light with-hold, his grace deny,
 " And leave you in your sins to die.
- 13 " Thrice happy all who trust in Him,
 " All Good; Almighty to redeem !
 " They only shall his mercy prove,
 " Lov'd with an everlasting love.

P S A L M III.

- 1 **S**EE, O Lord, my foes increase,
 Mark the troublers of my peace,
 Fiercely against my soul they rise,
 " Heaven, they say, its help denies,
 " Help he seeks from God in vain,
 " God hath given him up to man."
- 2 But thou art a shield for me,
 Succour, still, I find in thee ;
 Now thou liftest up my head,
 Now I glory in thine aid,
 Confident in thy defence,
 Strong in thine Omnipotence.
- 3 To the Lord I cried ; the cry
 Brought my Helper from the sky ;
 By my kind Protector kept,
 Safe I laid me down and slept,
 Slept within his arms, and rose ;
 Blest him for the calm repose.

- 4 Kept by him, I cannot fear
Sin, the world, or Satan near;
All their hosts my soul defies:
Lord, in my behalf arise,
Save me, for in faith I call,
Save me, O my God, from all.
- 5 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,
Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,
Broke the roaring lion's teeth:
Still from all my foes defend,
Save me, save me, to the end.
- 6 Thine it is, O Lord, to save,
Strength in Thee thy people have;
Safe from sin, in Thee, they rest,
With the Gospel-bleffing blest;
Wait to see the perfect grace,
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **G**OD of my righteousness,
Thy humble suppliant hear,
Thou hast reliev'd me in distress,
And thou art always near:
Again thy mercy show,
The peaceful answer send,
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
And all my troubles end.
- 2 How long ye sons of men,
Will ye blaspheme aloud,
My honour wrong,—my glory stain,—
And vilify my God?
How long will ye delight
In vanity and vice,
Madly against the righteous fight,
And follow after lies?
- 3 Know, for himself, the Lord
Hath surely set apart
The man that trembles at his word,
The man of upright heart:

And

And when to him I pray,
 He promises to hear,
 And help me in my evil day,
 And answer all my prayer.

4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,
 And from your sins depart,
 Out of the evil world withdraw,
 And commune with your heart :
 In thinking of his love
 Be day and night employed ;
 Be still ; nor in his presence move,
 But wait upon your God.

5 Offer your prayer and praise,
 Which he will not despise,
 Thro' Jesus Christ your Righteousness,
 Accepted sacrifice :
 Offer your heart's desires ;
 But trust in Him alone,
 Who gives whatever he requires,
 And freely saves his own.

6 The world with fruitless pain
 Seek happiness below ;
 What man, they ask, (but all in vain)
 The long-sought good will shew ?
 The brightness of thy Face
 Give us, O Lord, to see ;
 Glory on earth begun in grace,
 And happiness in thee.

7 Thou hast on me bestow'd,
 All-gracious as thou art,
 The taste divine, the sovereign good,
 And fix'd it in my heart :
 Above all earthly bliss
 The sense of sin forgiven,
 The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
 The antepast of heaven.

8 Of gospel peace possést,
 Secure in thy defence,
 Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,
 And who shall pluck me thence ?

Nor

Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell,
 Shall evermore remove,
 When all renewed in thee I dwell,
 And perfected in love.

P S A L M V.

1 **O** LORD, incline thy gracious ear,
 My plaintive sorrows weigh,
 To thee for succour I draw near,
 To thee I humbly pray !
 Still will I call with lifted eyes,
 Come, O my God, and King,
 'Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
 And full deliverance bring.

2 On Thee, O God of purity,
 I wait for hallowing grace ;
 None without holiness shall see
 The glories of thy face :
 In souls unholy and unclean,
 Thou never can'st delight ;
 Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
 Appear before thy fight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
 Or speak iniquity ;
 The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,
 Are both abhorr'd by thee :
 The greatest and minutest fault
 Shall find its fearful doom ;
 Sinners in deed, or word, or thought ;
 Thou surely shalt consume.

4 But as for me, with humble fear
 I will approach thy gate,
 Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
 Or in thy courts to wait :
 I trust in thy unbounded grace
 To all so freely given,
 And worship to'ward thy holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven.

- 5 Lead me in all thy righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide;
Point out the path before my face;
My God, be thou my guide!
The cruel power, the guileful art,
Of all my foes suppress,
Whose throat an open grave, whose heart
Is desp'rate wickedness.
- 6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from thy face,
And finally consume:
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come:
But all who put their trust in thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with chearful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's Name.
- 7 Protected by thy guardian grace
They shall extol thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore:
They never shall to evil yield
Defended from above,
And kept and cover'd with the shield
Of thine Almighty Love.

P S A L M VI.

- 1 **L**ORD, in thy wrath no more chastise,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
Against a child of man:
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still;
O when shall it be o'er!
Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
And for thy mercy-sake make whole,
And bid me sin no more.
- 3 Here, only here thy love must save;
I cannot thank thee in the grave;
Or tell thy pard'ning grace;

Who

Who dies unpurg'd for ever dies,
The sinner as he falls he lies
Shut up in his own place.

- 4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans;
Yet still with never-ceasing moans
I languish for relief:
With tears I wash my couch and bed,
My strength is spent, my beauty fled,
My life worn out with grief.
- 5 But shall I to my foes give place?
Or, in the name of Jesus, chase
My troublers all away?
In Jesu's name, I say, depart
Devils, and sins; nor vex my heart,
For God hath heard me pray.
- 6 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
And all my foes o'erthrow:
Shall conquer and destroy them too,
And make even me a creature new,
A sinless saint below.

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Wilt thou for ever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd and unrestor'd,
An alien from the life of grace!
- 2 How long shall I enquire within,
And seek thee in my heart in vain,
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain?
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a fault'ring tongue)
See at thy feet my spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, How long?
- 4 Hear me, O Lord, my God, and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love;
Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.

- 5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulph beneath;
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.
- 6 Ah! suffer not my foe to boast
His victory o'er a child of thine;
Nor let the proud Philistine's host,
In Satan's hellish triumph join.
- 7 Will they not charge my fall on thee?
Will they not dare my God to blame!
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name.
- 8 Thou wilt, thou wilt! my hope returns:
A sudden spirit of faith I feel;
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there for ever dwell.
- 9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near;
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour,
When perfect Love shall cast out Fear.
- 10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now;
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost Thou.
- 11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim
A monument of thy mercy I;
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high.

P. S. A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **A** M I D S T thy wrath, remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord!
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword;
- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,
And o'er my head are gone:

Too

Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me to atone.

- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down:
And I go mourning all the day,
Father, beneath thy frowne
- 4 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eyes count every tear:
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is notic'd in thine ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only hope,
O hearken to my cry:
O bear my fainting spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.
- 6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,
I grieve for all my sin;
My helpless impotence I see,
And beg support divine.
- 7 O God, forgive my follies past,
Be thou for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
And save me, or I die!

P S A L M LI.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'st, when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie;
Behold me not with angry look;
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 My

- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

THE SAME.

- 1 **G**OD of unfathomable love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
To'wrds Adam's helpless race;
See, at thy feet, a sinner see,
In tender mercy look on me,
And all my sins efface.
- 2 O let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies shew,
Abundantly forgive!
Remove the' insufferable load,
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
And bid the sinner live.
- 3 Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay,
Mine inmost soul convert:
Wash me from all my filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,
Create me pure in heart.
- 4 For, all my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
And sue to be forgiven;
I have abus'd thy patient grace,
I have provok'd thee to thy face,
And dar'd the wrath of heaven.
- 5 Thee, only thee, have I defied:
Tho' all thy wrath on me abide,
And my damnation seal;

Tho' into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
And clear my God in hell.

6 Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
My essence all unclean :
My total fall from God I mourn,
In sin I was conceiv'd and born,
Whate'er I am is sin.

7 But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts
Unspotted purity :
And by thy grace I humbly trust,
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.

8 Surely thou wilt the grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart,
Which did for sinners flow :
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow,

9 Thou wilt the mournful spirit chear,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice ;
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole,
May in thy strength rejoice,

10 From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin, by pard'ning grace,
Of all my sin, remove :
Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,
But perfectly my soul renew
By sanctifying love.

11 My wretchedness to thee convert,
Give me an humble contrite heart,
My fallen soul restore :
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
And never lose it more.

- 12 Have patience till by thee renew'd
I live the finless life of God;
Here let thy spirit stay:
Tho' I have griev'd the gentle dove,
Ah! do not quite withdraw thy love,
Or take thy grace away.
- 13 The comfort of thy help restore,
Assist me now as heretofore,
O lift thou up my head:
The spirit of thy pow'r impart,
Stablish, and keep my faithful heart,
And make me free indeed.
- 14 Then shall I teach the world thy ways;
Thy mercy mild, thy pard'ning grace
For every sinner free;
Till sinners to thy grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
And weep, and love like me.
- 15 O might I weep, and love thee now,
God of my health, my Saviour thou,
Thou only canst release
My soul from all iniquity;
O speak the word, and set me free,
And bid me go in peace.
- 16 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
The gift of righteousness proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming grace:
Open my lips, almighty Lord,
That I thy mercy may record,
And glory in thy praise.
- 17 No creature-good dost thou desire,
No costly sacrifice require;
Thy pleasure is to give:
Thou only seekest me, not mine,
Thou would'st that I should take of thine
Should all thy grace receive.
- 18 A wounded spirit by sin distressed,
A broken heart that pants for rest,
This is the sacrifice

Well-pleasing in the sight of God;
A sinner crush'd beneath his load,
Thou never wilt despise.

- 19 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruin'd soul repair,
Remember Sion's woe;
Shew forth thy sanctifying grace;
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
A glorious church below.
- 20 When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
Their gifts thou wilt approve;
Their every thought, and word, and deed,
That from a living faith proceed,
And all are wrought in love.
- 21 Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee thro' Christ alone,
The dear peculiar race.
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father and their King
In endless songs of praise.

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim!
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould a tiresome burthen prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice;
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

P S A L M LXXX.

(Adapted to the CHURCH of ENGLAND.)

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
Who leadeſt Iſrael like a ſheep;
Preſent to guard, and give them food,
And kindly in thy boſom keep;
- 2 Hear thy afflicted people's prayer,
Arise out of thy holy place;
Stir up thy ſtrength, thine arm make bare,
And vindicate thy choſen race.
- 3 Haſte to our help, thou God of Love,
Supreme, almighty King of kings;
Deſcend all glorious from above,
Come flying on the cherubs' wings.
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and ſhew
The brightneſs of thy lovely face;
So ſhall we all be ſaints below,
And ſav'd, and perfected in grace.
- 5 O Lord of hoſts, O God of grace,
How long ſhall thy fierce anger burn
Againſt thine own peculiar race,
Who ever pray thee to return?
- 6 Thou giv'ſt us plenteous draughts of tears,
With tears thou doſt thy people feed;
We ſorrow 'till thy face appears,
Affliction is our daily bread.
- 7 A ſtrife we are to all around,
By vile intestine vipers torn;
Our bitter houſhold foes abound,
And laugh our fallen church to ſcorn.
- 8 Turn us again, O God, and ſhew
The brightneſs of thy lovely face;
So ſhall we all be ſaints below,
And ſav'd and perfected in grace.

- 9 Surely, O Lord, we once were thine,
 (Thou hast for us thy wonders wrought)
 A gen'rous and right noble vine,
 When newly out of Egypt brought.
- 10 Thou didst the heathen stock expel,
 And chase them from their quiet home;
 Druids and all the brood of hell,
 And monks of antichristian Rome.
- 11 Planted by thine almighty hand,
 Water'd with blood, the vine took root;
 And spread throughout the happy land
 And fill'd the earth with golden fruit.
- 12 The hills were cover'd with her shade,
 Her branchy arms extended wide;
 Their fair luxuriant honours spread,
 And flourish'd as the cedar's pride.
- 13 Why then hast thou abhorr'd thine own,
 And cast thy pleasant plant away;
 Broke down her hedge, her fence o'erthrown,
 And left her to the beasts of prey?
- 14 All that go by pluck off her grapes,
 Our Sion of her children spoil;
 And error in ten thousand shapes
 Would every gracious soul beguile.
- 15 The boar out of the German wood
 Tears up her roots with baleful power;
 The lion roaring for his food,
 And all the forest beasts devour.
- 16 Turn thee again, O Lord our God,
 Look down with pity from above;
 O lay aside thy vengeful rod,
 And visit us in pard'ning love.
- 17 The vineyard which thy own right hand
 Hath planted in these nations see;
 The branch that rose at thy command,
 And yielded gracious fruit to thee:
- 18 'Tis now cut down, and burnt with fire:
 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake;

Visit thy foes in righteous ire,
Vengeance on all thy haters take.

- 19 Look on them with thy flaming eyes,
The sin-consuming virtue dart;
And bid our fallen church arise,
And make us after thy own heart.
- 20 To us our nursing fathers raise,
Thy grace be on the great bestow'd;
And let the king shew forth thy praise,
And rise to build the house of God.
- 21 Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be,
Strengthen thy delegate below;
He bears the rule deriv'd from thee,
O let him all thine image shew.
- 22 Support him with thy guardian hand,
Thy royal grace be seen in him;
King of a re-converted land,
In goodness as in power supreme.
- 23 So will he not from thee go back,
If thou our ruin'd church restore;
No, never more will we forsake,
No, never will we grieve thee more.
- 24 Revive, O God of power, revive
Thy work in our degen'rate days;
O let us by thy mercy live,
And all our lives shall speak thy praise.
- 25 Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The brightness of thy lovely face;
So shall we all be faints below,
And sav'd and perfected in grace.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 **H**EAVY on me, O Lord, thy judgments lie,
And curst I am; for God neglects my cry:
O Lord, in darkness, in despair I groan;
And every place is hell: for God is gone!
O Lord arise, and let thy beams controul
These horrid clouds that press my frightened soul!
O rise

O rise and save me from eternal night !
Thou art the God of light !

- 2 Downward I hasten to my destin'd place :
There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise :
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd,
Is mercy there ? Is sweet forgiveness found ?
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand !
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on land ;
O make my longings and thy mercy sure !
Thou art the God of power !

- 3 Behold the weary prodigal is come,
To thee his hope, his harbour, and his home ;
No father can he find, no friend abroad,
Depriv'd of joy and destitute of God !
O let thy terrors and his anguish end !
Be thou his father, Lord, be thou his friend ;
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou art the God of love !

P S A L M XC.

- 1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure ;
Sufficient is thy arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears
Are carried downward by the flood ;
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

P S A L M XCI.

1 **H**E that hath God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturb'd abide :

Thus to my soul, of him, I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

2 Thy tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence :
Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,
And cover my unguarded head ;
Thy truth shall be my strong defence.

3 No terrors that surprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright ;
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
Nor plague of unknown rise that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest seasons slay.

4 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains ;
Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.

5 Because with well-plac'd confidence
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the Highest dost rely ;
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

- 6 For he, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns;
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabrick still sustains.
2 How sure establish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.
3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they, that in thy house would dwell;
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O Heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep;
Thy ear attends the softest call,
Thy eyes can never sleep.
3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble powers
With thy almighty arm;
Thou watchest our unguarded hours
Against invading harm.
4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have thy leave to smite;

Thou shield'st our heads from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,
Where thickest dangers come :

Go, and return secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXX.

OUT of the depth of self-despair
To thee, O Lord, I cry ;

My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.

Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint :

O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.

If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide ?

Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justify'd ?

But O ! forgiveness is with Thee,
That sinners may adore

With filial fear, thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

I look to see his lovely face,
I wait to meet my Lord ;

My longing soul expects his grace,
And rests upon his word.

My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray ;

O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel-day !

Ye faithful souls confide in God,
Mercy with him remains ;

Plenteous redemption through his blood,
To wash out all your stains.

His Israel himself shall clear ;
From all their sins redeem ;

The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

PSALM

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 **F**AST by the Babylonish tide,
 (The tide our sorrows made o'erflow,
 We dropt our weary limbs, and cried,
 In deep distress at Sion's woe;
 Her we bewail'd in speechless groans
 In bondage with her captive sons.
- 2 Our harps, no longer vocal now,
 We cast aside, untun'd, unstrung,
 Forgot them pendent on the bough;
 Let meaner sorrows find a tongue;
 Silent we sat, and scorn'd relief,
 In all the majesty of grief!
- 3 In vain our haughty lords requir'd
 A song of Sion's sacred strain,
 "Sing us a song your God inspir'd!"—
 How shall our souls exult in pain?
 How shall the mournful exile sing,
 While bond-slaves to a foreign king?
- 4 Jerusalem, dear, hallowed name,
 If Thee I ever less desire;
 If less distressed for thee I am,
 Let my right hand forget its lyre;
 All its harmonious strains forego,
 When heedless of a Mother's woe.
- 5 O England's desolate church, if thee,
 Tho' desolate, I remember not;
 Let me so lost to piety,
 Be lost myself and clean forgot:
 Cleave to the roof my speechless tongue,
 When Sion is not all my song.
- 6 Let life itself with language fail,
 For thee when I forbear to mourn;
 Nay, but I will for ever wail,
 'Till God thy captive state shall turn;
 Let this my every breath employ;
 To grieve for thee be all my joy.
- 7 O for the weeping prophet's strains,
 The depth of sympathetic woe!

I live

I live to gather thy remains,
 For thee my tears and blood shall flow :
 My heart amidst thy ruins lies,
 And only in thy rise I rise.

- 8 Remember, Lord, the cruel pride
 Of Edom in our evil day ;
 " Down with it to the ground, they cried,
 " Let none the tottering ruin stay ;
 " Let none the sinking church restore,
 " But let it fall to rise no more."
- 9 Surely our God shall vengeance take
 On those that gloried in our fall ;
 He a full end of sin shall make,
 Of all that held our souls in thrall :
 O Babylon, thy day shall come,
 Prepare to meet thy final doom !
- 10 Happy the man that sees in thee
 The mystic Babylon within,
 And fill'd with holy cruelty,
 Disdains to spare the smallest sin :
 But sternly takes thy little ones,
 And dashes all against the stones.
- 11 Thou in thy turn shalt be brought low,
 Thy kingdom shall not always last ;
 The Lord shall all thy power o'erthrow,
 And lay the mighty Waster waste :
 Destroy thy Being with thy Power,
 And pride and sin shall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, or to flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 The secrets of my breast.

C

3 My

- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wonderful knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie
 Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sov'reign love.

Part the Second.

- 1 **L**ORD, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In hell they meet thy vengeful ire,
 In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
 To' escape the wrath divine;
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.
- 3 If wing'd with beams of morning light
 I fly beyond the West;
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw
 The curtains of the night;
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee:
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee!

Part the Third.

- 1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work ; I own thy hand,
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with tender care survey'd
The growth of every part ;
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise :
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace !

. The CREATOR and CREATURES.

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,
The' almighty Three, the' eternal One !
Nature and grace with all their powers
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,
Bade the waves roar, and planets shine :
But nothing like Thyself appears
Thro' all these spacious works of thine !
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
From change to change the creatures run ;
Thy Being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are One.

- 4 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None---but thy wisdom knows---thy might,
None---but thy word---can speak thy name.

LIFE and ETERNITY.

- 1 **T**HEE, we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
The' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken,

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road :
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God !

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do ;
Yet nothing's half so dull !
- 2 Go to the ants ; for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive !
Yet we, who have a heav'n to obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guards the angel bands
Come flying from above :
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd with his Blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, Holy Dove, from the heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

J U D G M E N T.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I view my Maker face to face,
Oh ! how shall I appear !
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My soul with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought !

- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe ;
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh ! how shall I appear !
- 4 Oh ! may my broken, contrite heart,
Timely my sins lament ;
And early with repentant tears
Eternal woe prevent !
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For, never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to secure ;
Who knows thy only Son hath died
To make that pardon sure.

On the CRUCIFIXION.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heaven amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays ?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head,
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.
- 3 Thou earth, thy lowest center shake,
With Jesus sympathize !
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies !
- 4 See, streaming from the' accursed tree,
His all atoning blood !
Is this the Infinite ?—'Tis He !
My Saviour and my God !
- 5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is borne ;
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

- 6 Let sin no more my soul enslave !
 Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain ;
 O save me whom thou cam'st to save,
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

SOVEREIGNTY and GRACE.

- 1 **T**HE Lord how fearful is his name !
 How wide is his command !
 Nature, with all her moving frame,
 Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal Glory forms his throne,
 And Light his awful robe ;
 While with a smile, or with a frown,
 He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
 Can swell or sink the seas ;
 Build the vast empires of the earth,
 Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,
 In all their shining forms ;
 His sov'reign eye looks through them all,
 And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race
 In sweet compassion move ;
 He clothes his looks with smiling grace,
 And takes his title, Love.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
 And sway us as he will ;
 Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
 We are his children still.
- 7 No more shall peevish passions rise,
 Our tongues no more complain !
 'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
 And love resumes again.

FAITH in CHRIST.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred Word :
Ho! Ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys the' Almighty's call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord !
O help my unbelief !
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thy arm victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew,
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
Into thy arms I fall ;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my ALL.

INCONSTANCY.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee ?
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace ?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again ;
Now I revive, and now am slain ;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, Oh ! too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee ?
No more expos'd, no more undone ;
But live and grow to thee alone !
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force !
Still make me walk, still make me tend,
By Thee my Way, to Thee my End.

A THOUGHT

A THOUGHT in AFFLICTION.

- 1 **W**ILT Thou, O Lord, regard my tears,
The fruit of guilt and fear?
Me, who thy Justice have provok'd,
Oh! will thy Mercy spare?
- 2 Yes; for the broken, contrite heart,
Saviour, thy sufferings plead:
O quench not then the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed!
- 3 Thy poor, unworthy servant view,
Resign'd to thy decree;
Ordain me, or to live, or die,
But live or die in Thee!
- 4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,
My humble soul is cast!
Oh bear me safe, thro' life, thro' death,
And raise me up at last!
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie,
This mortal frame shall sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave!
"And where, O death, thy sting?

The CHRISTIAN RACE.

- 1 **A**WAKE, our souls:---(Away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone:)
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a chearful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint!
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From Thee the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road !

The New Creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's eternal Son
 Doth his own glories shew :
 " Behold, I sit upon my throne,
 " Creating all things new.
- 2 " Nature and sin are past away,
 " And the old Adam dies ;
 " My hands a new foundation lay :
 " See a new world arise !"
- 3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
 From my old state of sin ;
 O make my soul alive to thee,
 Create new pow'rs within.
- 4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
 And mould my heart afresh ;
 Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 5 Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell ;
 In the new world thy grace hath made,
 May I for ever dwell !

CHRIST'S Humiliation and Exaltation.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
 To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb ?
 Since all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name.
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died ;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
 At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power, and dominion, are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar !
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

4 Immortal

4 Immortal honour must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5 Blessing for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain ;
Let angels sound his sacred Name,
And every creature say, AMEN !

Waiting for the SPIRIT of ADOPTION.

1 **A**LL Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise ;
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
Jesu, to thee I flee :
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
While thy dear cross appears ;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

4 O may the uncorrupted seed
Abide and reign within :
And thy life-giving Word forbid
My new-born soul to sin !

5 Father, I wait before thy throne ;
Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,
To form my heart divine.

6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
And make my comfort strong ;
Then shall I say, " My Father, God !"
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN to the HOLY GHOST.

1 **C**OME Holy Spirit, send down those beams,
Which gently flow in silent streams
From the eternal throne above :
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
Fill us with faith, and hope, and love.

2 Come,

- 2 Come, thou, our soul's delightful guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting suff'rer's best relief :
Come Thou, our passion's cool allay ;
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
And turns to peace and joy, all grief.
- 3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal :
To thy sweet yoke, our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the sacred Three,
One everlasting Deity !
All love, and power, and might, and praise !
As at the first, ere time begun,
May the same homage still be done,
When earth and heaven itself decays.

C H A R I T Y.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast !
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move :
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Yea, ere we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode ;
The wings of love bears us away
To see our gracious God.

UNFRUITFULNESS.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain !
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known ;
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hopes of joys above,
How few affections there !
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay
And love shall never die.

SINCERE PRAISE.

- 1 **A**L MIGHTY Maker, God,
How glorious is thy name !
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout Creation's frame !
- 2 In native white and red
The rose and lilly stand ;
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.
- 3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song ;
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

- 4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too ;
Fain would my heart adore my king,
And give him praises due.
- 5 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform ;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.
- 6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design ;
Part of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.
- 7 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true,
Till it be form'd again.
- 8 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above ;
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.
- 9 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days ;
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

CHRIST'S Compassion for the tempted.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears ;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;

The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power :
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

THE RESIGNATION.

- 1 **L**ONG have I view'd, long have I thought
And trembling held this bitter draught,
'Twas now just to my lips applied,
Nature shrank in ; my courage died :
But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mix'd and giv'n by Thee.
- 2 I'll trust my great Physician's skill,
What he prescribes can ne'er be ill :
For each disease he knows what's fit,
He's wise and good, and I submit ;
No longer will I grieve or pine ;
Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.
- 3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart ;
Thou wound'st me in the tenderest part ;
But 'tis with a design to cure,
I must and will thy touch endure :
All that I priz'd below is gone ;
Yet Father, still thy will be done.
- 4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With what was nearest to my heart,
I freely that and more resign,
Behold my heart itself is thine :
My little all I give to thee :
Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me.
- 5 He left true bliss and joy above,
Emptied himself of all but love ;
For me he freely did forsake
More than from me he e'er can take :
A mortal life for a divine
He took, and did ev'n that resign.
- 6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
But still with I had more to give :

I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
 My paradise, and I submit :
 I will not murmur at thy word,
 Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

The COMPARISON and COMPLAINT.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Power, eternal Lord,
 How sov'reign is thy hand ;
 All nature rose to' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun
 Keeps his appointed way ;
 And all the hours obedient run
 The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God !
 My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
 And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea
 Perform thy awful will ;
 And every beast and every tree
 Thy great design fulfil.
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,
 Nor thy commands obey ;
 But flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
 Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
 Pay all their dues to thee ?
 Creatures that never knew thy name,
 That ne'er were lov'd like me ?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,
 Conform my heart to thine ;
 Melt down my will, and let it flow,
 And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
 Here all my pow'rs I bring ;
 Manage the wheels by thy command,
 And govern every spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,
 Nor my affections rove ;

Devotion

Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

A Prayer for the **LIGHT** of **LIFE**.

- 1 **O** Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing !
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.
- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel,
By thy all-piercing beam ;
Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind, by thy all-quick'ning power,
From low desires set free ;
Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
My love entire on Thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost Son receive :
Saviour, thy purchase own :
Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
Thy new-made creature crown !
- 5 Eternal, undivided Lord,
Co-equal One and Three !
On Thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
All love be paid to Thee !

SUBMISSION.

- 1 **BUT** that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both my eyes are thine ;
My soul would be extremely stirr'd
At missing my design.
- 2 Were it not better to bestow
Some place or power on me ;
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.
- 3 But while I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my fight :
And pilf'ring what I once did give,
Disseize thee of thy right.
- 4 How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
That I should then praise thee :

Perhaps my wishes and thy praise
Do not so well agree.

- 5 Therefore unto my gift I stand,
I will no more advise ;
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.

Breathing after the HOLY SPIRIT.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 O Father, shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

The witnessing SPIRIT.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
The tokens of thy grace ?

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n ?

- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;

And

And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
Safely convey me home.

VENI CREATOR.

- 1 **C**REATOR, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit every waiting mind,
Come pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in thy seven-fold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new; our wills controul;
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of faith, bestow:
And lest again we go astray,
Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 5 Immortal honours, endless fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Comforter, to Thee!

A Hymn

A HYMN for SUNDAY.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Sabbath let us praise,
In concert with the blest ;
Who, joyful in harmonious lays,
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow ;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd,
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This Universe was made.
- 4 He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme ;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

A HYMN for EASTER-DAY.

- 1 **T**HE sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more !
Adore the scatterer of your fears,
Your rising sun adore !
- 2 The faints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes :
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise !
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod :
He died and suffer'd as a man :
He rises as a God !
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal
Forbid an early rise
To him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

A PRAYER for FAITH.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know :
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah ! whither shall I go !

2 What

- 2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes ;
O let me now receive that gift ;
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou can'st not let me die !
O speak and I shall live ;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face !
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

A HYMN to CHRIST.

- 1 **M**EET, patient Lamb of God, to thee
I fly, thy meekness give to me :
I chuse thee for my life, my crown :
I pant to have thee all my own !
Thou see'st my heart, thou know'st my love,
From thee I never will remove ;
No shame I fear, no pain or loss,
But gladly follow to the cross.
- 2 Make clean as wool my filthy heart ;
Wash white as snow my every part ;
Give me in stillness to sustain
Whate'er thy wisdom shall ordain.
Carve for thyself in me, and make
My heart the lamb-like image take :
Yea, slay me, Lord, and offer me
A pure burnt-sacrifice to thee.
- 3 Bind, Father, hand and foot thy son,
Nor leave thy work till all be done ;
O never

O never let me, Lord, go free,
Till all my heart's resign'd to thee :
Then quickly to the altar lead,
And suffer me no more to plead,
No longer with th' old Adam bear :
Lead on, dear Lord, consume him there.

We love Him because He first loved us.

- 1 **O**F Him who did salvation bring,
I could for ever think and sing :
Arise ye guilty ; he'll forgive :
Arise ye needy ; he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo ! 'tis given ;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven :
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 Eternal Lord, almighty king,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring ;
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above ;
Devils with force, and men with love.
- 4 The wounding spear pierces my heart ;
When thou art nail'd, I feel the smart :
Thy groans my echoing sighs display ;
Thou bow'st thy head ; I faint away.
- 5 Ye hearts of stone, come melt to see,
This he endur'd for you and me :
He suffered : all our guilt's forgiven ;
And on his blood we swim to heaven.
- 6 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love could shew.
- 7 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 8 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry :
Ah ! who against thy charms is proof !
Ah ! who that loves can love enough !

A HYMN

A HYMN for the GEORGIA Orphans.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our God to bless,
And praise him evermore;
That Father to the fatherless,
That helper of the poor.
- 2 Our dying parents us forsake,
His mercy takes us up,
Kindly vouchsafes his own to make,
And God becomes our hope.
- 3 For us he in the wilderness
A table hath prepar'd;
Us, whom his love delights to bless;
His Providence doth guard.
- 4 Known unto him are all our needs;
And when we seek his face,
His open hand our bodies feeds,
Our souls he feeds with grace.
- 5 Then let us in his service spend,
What we from him receive;
And back to him what he shall send
In thanks and praises give.

For their BENEFACTORS.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, hear our prayers
For those that do us good;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And gives the orphans food.
- 2 Their alms in blessings on their head
A thousand-fold restore;
O feed their souls with living bread,
And let their cup run o'er.
- 3 For ever in thy Christ built up
Thy bounty let them prove;
Stedfast in faith, joyful thro' hope,
And rooted deep in love.
- 4 For those who kindly founded this,
A better house prepare;
Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there.

Before

Before their going to Work.

- 1 **L**ET us go forth, 'tis God commands :
Let us make haste away,
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands ;
We work for Christ to-day.
- 2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes the labour sweet ;
If any now to work refuse,
Let not the sluggard eat.
- 3 Who would not do what God ordains,
And promises to bless ?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness ?
- 4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray ;
We have not learn'd him so ;
No—for he calls himself The Way,
And work'd himself below.
- 5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part ;
On earth employ our hands and head,
But give him all our heart.

A HYMN for CHARITY CHILDREN.

- 1 **H**OW happy they, O King of kings !
How safe, how truly blest,
Who under thy protecting wings
Both shelter find and rest.
- 2 Them wilt thou lead, them wilt thou keep,
And with thine arm uphold :
O blessed shepherd ! blessed sheep
Of Israel's sacred fold !
- 3 Nor does the tender, wandering lambs,
His kindly care disdain ;
He knows them better than their dams,
And better doth sustain.
- 4 Behold his flock from every side
He is assembling still ;
And may he all in safety guide
To Sion's sacred hill.

- 5 If thither he will us convey,
Nor our mean vows despise;
Our hearts we'll on his altars lay,
A grateful sacrifice.
- 6 To God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
As is, and was ere time begun,
Eternal glory be!

ANOTHER.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Father of mankind,
Shall our glad hymns ascend;
To anger slow, to love inclin'd;
Thy goodness knows no end.
- 2 Thee poor and needy from the dust
'Tis thy delight to raise,
Who in the' assemblies of the just
Will still record thy praise.
- 3 Each hand and heart that lent us aid,
Thou didst inspire and guide;
Nor shall their love be un-repaid
Who for the Poor provide.
- 4 The choicest of thy blessings shower
On those who us have blest!
Unfailing streams of bounty pour
On every bounteous breast!
- 5 Gather those outcasts who remain
Expos'd as we before;
So shall our still increasing train
With louder songs adore.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **W**HEN to the temple we repair,
A numerous, joyful throng;
Our praise shall fill the house of prayer;
The Lord's our strength and song.
- 2 Should we be wanting to rejoice
Thro' deadness or delays;
The stones themselves would find a voice
To celebrate his praise.

E

3 He

- 3 He found us in the desert wide,
And did from thence remove :
Still may he us vouchsafe to guide,
And lead with bands of love.
- 4 He is our comforter and light,
We on his manna feed :
His cloud by day, his fire by night
To heavenly Canaan lead.
- 5 To those calm happy seats, may He
In safety us convey,
With all whose love and piety
Have plac'd us in the way.
- 6 To the bless'd co-eternal Three,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
As was, and is, all glory be,
'Till time shall be no more.

ANOTHER.

- 1 O Thou, whose wisdom, power, and love,
For all thy works provide,
Which those vast orbs that roll above,
And our low center guide ;
- 2 The rich, the poor, the mean, the great,
Are link'd by thy strong hands ;
Pois'd on its base, the work's complete,
The firm composure stands.
- 3 The meanest worm that creeps on earth
Is not below thy care ;
And we, altho' of humble birth,
Thy God-like bounty share.
- 4 Whoe'er thy Being dare dispute,
Are silenc'd here with ease ;
The stones themselves would them confute,
If we should hold our peace.
- 5 The' Almighty be their strong defence,
And multiply their store,
Who still concur with Providence
To aid and bless the poor.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercy, hear our prayer,
In thee we move and live :
How slow to wrath, how prone to spare,
And ready to forgive.
- 2 Thou chiefly dost thy boundless power
In acts of goodness shew ;
Thy mercy all thy works adore,
Thence all our blessings flow.
- 3 This still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing ;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
Be thou the' unfailing spring.
- 4 Our joy would soon o'erflow the banks,
And inundations raise ;
Did we not thus look down with thanks,
And look to heaven with praise.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Who yet are not Three Gods, but One,
Rever'd by all his host :
- 6 The blest, eternal Trinity,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
All honour, praise, and glory be
Both now and evermore.

A Yearly Hymn for CHARITY CHILDREN.

- 1 **A** G A I N the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day ;
And we in God's bless'd house appear,
Again our vows to pay.
- 2 Our watchful guardians, rob'd in light,
Adore the heavenly king :
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.
- 3 They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we ;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.

- 4 If ought can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher ;
New joys in heaven at sights like this,
New anthems fill the quire.
- 5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear !
Our friendly guardians, those above,—
Our benefactors here.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHIAL Notes, and hymns of joy
To thee our God we'll sing :
Thy praises shall our lips employ,
O SALEM'S peaceful King !
- 2 Thou mak'st the world obey thy will,
Whose will is always best ;
Thy word bids winds and waves be still,
And chides them into rest.
- 3 Thy sacred spirit on Jordan's stream
Descended like a dove ;
Thou didst from wrath and sin redeem :
Thy law is peace and love.
- 4 That law, by our kind patrons' care,
We now are daily taught ;
Tho' once far off, we now are near,
As those to Jesus brought.
- 5 May he on ev'ry bounteous friend
His favours still increase ;
'Till they and we with him ascend
To everlasting peace.

A Hymn at the opening of a Charity-School.

- 1 **L**IFT up your heads, ye lofty gates,
Unfold each spacious door ;
For here the King of glory waits
With blessings for the poor.
- 2 'Twas love divine, 'twas sov'reign grace,
True bounty's endless spring,
Did us so near God's altar place,
Where we may pray and sing.

- 3 To psalms and hymns we may aspire,
If anthems are too high ;
And follow the celestial choir
In decent harmony.
- 4 With holy souls we here may meet,
And learn their songs divine ;
Their Hallelujahs loud and sweet
With our Hosannas join.
- 5 How blest'd, if always thus we might
The coming hours employ ;
And singing pass to realms of light,
And endless worlds of joy.

A HYMN for any SCHOOL.

- 1 **O**N this auspicious, happy day,
What incense shall we bring ?
What grateful, humble homage pay
To an almighty king ?
- 2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd,
As 'tis by those above ;
What is th' employment of the blest'd,
But songs of praise and love !
- 3 That breath which we from heaven receive,
We thus in hymns restore ;
And while we on his bounty live,
We'll wonder and adore.
- 4 Rescu'd from want, and vice, and shame,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
And live but to thy praise.
- 5 May heart, and voice, and life combine
His goodness to express :
May all that hear us, with us join,
And our Redeemer bless.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **F**ATHER of lights, to Thee from whom
Each perfect gift descends ;
To thee with humble pray'rs we come,
For all our bounteous friends.

- 2 Blessings, (the payment of the poor)
Our lips and hearts return :
May heaven which gave, augment their store,
And comfort those that mourn !
- 3 O that we better could improve,
What's in such plenty sown !
But dews of grace are from above,
Our wants and sins our own.
- 4 Only the lowly and the meek
Shall rest of mind obtain ;
Such followers does the Saviour seek,
Such shall his kingdom gain.
- 5 Thither may we be safe convey'd,
When life's rough storms are o'er ;
And all who give their friendly aid
To help us to that shore.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, One and Three
As is, and was, for time to come
Eternal glory be !

ANOTHER.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, our God and King,
Whose mercies ne'er decay ;
We thus in artless number sing,
And thus our praise we pay.
- 2 Whate'er is human, ebbs and flows,
As wasting time prevails ;
But grace divine no changes knows,
Charity never fails.
- 3 From thence flow plenteous streams and clear :
And may they never cease ;
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives increase.
- 4 May he your pious alms regard,
Your warmth of zeal approve ;
With ample blessings still reward
The labours of your love.

May all the pleasing pains you share,
Be crown'd with wish'd success;
The present age applaud your care,
The future ages bless!

A MORNING HYMN.

WE lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse!
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

How beauteous Nature, now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And Nature's God adore.
O may no gloomy crime
Pollute the rising day:
Or Jesu's blood like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.

May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past;
And live this short revolving day,
As if it were our last.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

AN EVENING HYMN.

AL L praise to Him who dwells in Bliss,
Who made both day and night;
Whose throne is darkness, in the' abyss
Of uncreated light.

Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey:
The deepest shades no more disguise,
Than the full blaze of day.

3 Whom

3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings,
No evil shall molest :

Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.

4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep ;
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.

5 May we, with calm and sweet repose,
And heavenly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eyelids with the morn uncloset,
And bless the ever-blest !

A Prayer for one that is lunatic and sore vexed.

1 JESU, God of our salvation,
Hear our call ; save us all
By thy death and passion.

2 Jesu ! see thine helpless creature :
Bow the skies, God arise,
All thy foes to scatter.

3 Jesu, manifest thy glory
In this hour, shew thy power,
Drive thy foes before thee.

4 Jesu ! help, thou serpent-bruise ;
Bruise his head ; Woman's Seed,
Cast down the accuser.

5 Jesu ! wound the dragon, wound him,
Make him roar, break his power,
Let thine arm confound him.

6 Jesu ! come, and bind him, bind him,
Let him feel his own hell,
Let thy fury find him.

7 Jesu ! than the strong man stronger,
Enter thou, let thy foe
Keep thee out no longer.

8 Suffer him no more to harm her,
Make her clean, purge her sin,
Take away his armour.

9 Jesu !

- 9 Jesu ! mighty to deliver,
Satan foil, take the spoil,
Make her thine for ever.
- 10 Jesu ! all to thee is given :
All obey, own thy sway,
Hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 11 Jesu ! let this soul find favour
In thy fight ; claim thy right,
Come, O come, and save her.
- 12 From the hand of hell retrieve her,
Jesu, Lord, speak the word,
Bid the tempter leave her.
- 13 Hide her till the storm be over,
King of kings, spread thy wings ;
Christ, her weakness cover.
- 14 Jesu ! wherefore dost thou tarry ?
Hear thine own, cast him down,
Quell the adversary.
- 15 Jesu ! shall he still devour ?
Is thine ear, slow to hear ?
Hast thou lost thy power ?
- 16 Shorten'd is thy hand, O Saviour ?
Save her now, shew that thou
Art the same for ever.
- 17 O omnipotent Redeemer !
Hell rebuke, with thy look,
Silence the blasphemer.
- 18 Jesu, all his depths discover,
All unfold, loose his hold,
Let the charm be over.
- 19 Jesu ! Is it past thy finding ?
Find and shew, break the vow,
Let it not be binding.
- 20 Break the dire confederacy :
Shall it stand ? No : Command,
Say, " Tis I release thee."

21 Satan,

Jesu !

- 21 Satan, hear the name of Jesus !
Hear and quake, give her back
To the name that frees us.
- 22 Jesu ! claim thy ransom'd creature,
Let thy foe, feel and know,
Thou in us art greater.
- 23 Strengthen'd by thy great example,
Let us tread on his head,
On his kingdom trample.
- 24 Drive him to the' infernal region,
Chase, O chase, to his place,
Tho' his name be legion.
- 25 Is not faith the same for ever ?
Let us see, signs from thee,
Following the believer !

Thanksgiving for her DELIVERANCE.

- 1 **P**RAISE by all to Christ be given,
Let us sing, Christ the King,
King of earth and heaven.
- 2 Glory to the name of Jesus !
Jesu's name still the same,
From all evil frees us.
- 3 Jesu's name the Conquest won us ;
Let us rise, fill the skies
With our loud Hosannas.
- 4 Christ, thou in our eyes art glorious !
We proclaim Christ the Lamb
Over all victorious.
- 5 Lion of the tribe of Judah,
Joyfully, Lo ! to Thee
Sing we Hallelujah.
- 6 Hell was ready to devour :
Thou the prey bear'st away
Out of Satan's power.
- 7 See the lawful captive taken
From the foe ! Now we know
Satan's realm is shaken.

- 8 Thou hast shewn thyself the stronger,
Still go on, put it down,
Let it stand no longer.
- 9 Overturn it, overturn it
Down with it, let the feet
Of thy servants spurn it.
- 10 Surely now the charm is broken :
Thou hast shewn to thine own,
Thou hast given a token.
- 11 Is there any divination
Against those, thou hast chose
Heirs of thy salvation ?
- 12 Thou hast bought, and thou wilt have us ;
Who shall harm, when thine arm
Is stretch'd out to save us ?
- 13 Hell in vain against us rages ;
Can it shock Christ the rock
Of eternal Ages !
- 14 Satan, wilt thou now defy us ?
Is not aid for us laid
On our great Messias ?
- 15 Past is thine oppressive hour :
Where's thy boast ? Baffled, lost :
Where is now thy power ?
- 16 Serpent, see in us thy bruiser,
Feel his power, fly before
Us, thou foul accuser.
- 17 Thou no longer shalt oppress us,
Triumph we over thee
In the name of Jesus.

God exalted above all PRAISE.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds :
Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings :

And

And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground,

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
We would adore our Maker too ;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high !

4 Earth from a far has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;
But, O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, and men below ;
Be short our tunes ; our words be few !
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.



PART the SECOND.

P S A L M VIII.

1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name !
Held in being by thy word,
Thee all thy works proclaim :
Thro' this earth thy glories shine,
Thro' those dazzling worlds above ;
All confess the source divine,
The' almighty God of love !

2 Thou, the God of power and grace
Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
And manifest thy power :
Lo ! they in thy strength go on,
Lo ! on all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire accuser down,
And bruise the serpent's head.

- 3 Yet when I survey the skies
 And planets as they roll ;
 Wonder dims my aching eyes,
 And swallows up my soul.
 Moon and stars so wide display,
 Chaunt their Maker's praise so loud ;
 Pour insufferable day,
 And draw me up to God !
- 4 What is man, that thou, O Lord,
 Hast such respect to him ;
 Comes from heaven the' incarnate Word,
 His creatures to redeem !
 Wherefore would'st thou stoop so low ?
 Who the myſtery ſhall explain ?
 God is fleſh, and lives below,
 And dies for wretched man.
- 5 Jeſus, his Redeemer, dies
 The ſinner to reſtore ;
 Falls that man again may riſe,
 And ſtand as heretofore :
 Foremoſt of created things,
 Head of all thy works he ſtood,
 Neareſt the great King of kings,
 And little leſs than God ! *
- 6 Him with glorious majeſty
 Thy grace vouchſafed to crown ;
 Tranſcript of the One in Three,
 He in thine image ſhone :
 All thy works for him were made,
 All did to his ſway ſubmit,
 Fiſhes, birds, and beaſts obey'd,
 And bow'd beneath his feet.
- 7 Sovereign, everlaſting Lord,
 How excellent thy name !
 Held in Being by thy word
 Thee all thy works proclaim :
 Thro' this earth thy glories ſhine,
 Thro' thoſe dazzling worlds above,
 All confeſs the ſource divine,
 The' almighty God of Love !

* So it is in the Hebrew.

F

PSALM

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my power:
 My rock and fortress is the Lord,
 My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
 My horn and strength, my shield and sword:
 Secure I trust in his defence,
 I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,
 And spend my life in prayer and praise;
 His goodness own, his promise claim,
 And look for all his saving grace;
 'Till all his saving grace I see,
 From sin and hell for ever free.
- 3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
 Horribly caught, and compass'd round;
 Expos'd to Satan's raging power,
 In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd;
 Condemn'd the second death to feel,
 Arrested by the pangs of hell.
- 4 To God, my God, with plaintive cry
 I call'd in agony of fear;
 My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
 My groaning reach'd his gracious ear;
 He heard me from his glorious throne,
 And sent the timely rescue down.

P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant;
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary, wandering steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
 And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HE earth and all her fulness owns
 Jehovah for her sovereign Lord !
 The countless myriads of her sons
 Rose into being at his word.
- 2 His word did out of nothing call
 The world, and founded all that is ;
 Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
 And fixt it in the floating seas.
- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,
 Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
 And stand upon the mount of God,
 And see his Maker face to face ?
- 4 The man, whose hands and heart are clean,
 That blessed portion shall receive ;
 Whoe'er by grace is sav'd from sin,
 Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown ;
 And number'd with the saints above,
 The God of his salvation own,
 The God of his salvation love.
- 6 This is the chosen royal race
 That seek their Saviour God to see ;
 To see in holiness thy face,
 O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.

Part the Second.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
He claims the mansions as his right,
Receive the king of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay ;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who ?
The Lord of glorious power posselt ;
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest.

P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven ;
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.
The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe ;
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity ;
Whose spirit is by grace restor'd,
From all the guile of Satan free ;

Stedfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure as thou our God art pure.

- 9 Lover thou art of purity,
And hatest every spot of sin ;
Nothing profane can dwell with thee,
Nothing unholy or unclean ;
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious likeness in his Son.
- 10 Therefore he hath his Spirit shed,
Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on thy head ;
First-born of all the chosen race,
From thee the sacred unction springs
That makes thy fellows priests and kings.
- 11 Sweet is the odour of thy name,
Thro' all the means a fragrance comes ;
Thy garments hide the sinner's shame,
Thy garments shed divine perfumes,
That thro' the ivory palace flow,
The church in which thou reign'st below.
- 12 Thy heavenly charms the virgins move,
And bow them to thy pleasing sway ;
They triumph in thy princely love,
Thy will with all their hearts obey ;
Revere thine honourable word,
The glorious handmaids of the Lord.
- 13 High above all, at thy right hand,
Adorn'd with each diviner grace,
Thy fav'rite queen exults to stand,
Thy church her heavenly charms displays ;
Cloth'd with the sun, for glory meet,
She sees the moon beneath her feet.
- 14 Daughter of heaven, tho' born on earth,
Incline thy willing heart and ear ;
Forget thy first ignoble birth,
Thy people and thy kinsfolk here ;
So shall the king delight to see
His beauties copied out on thee.

- 15 He only is thy God and Lord,
 Worship divine to him be given;
 By all the host of heaven ador'd,
 By every creature under heaven:
 And all the Gentile world shall know,
 And freely to his service flow.
- 16 The rich shall lay their riches down,
 And poor become for Jesu's sake;
 Kings at his feet shall cast their crown,
 And humble suit for mercy make;
 (Mercy alike on all bestow'd)
 And languish to be great in God.
- 17 Are not his servants kings? And rule
 They not o'er hell, and earth, and sin?
 His daughter is divinely full
 Of Christ, and glorious all within;
 All-glorious inwardly she reigns,
 And not one spot of sin remains.
- 18 Cloth'd with humility and love,
 With ev'ry dazz'ling virtue bright;
 With faith, which God vouchsafes t'approve,
 Precious in her great Father's sight;
 The royal maid with joy shall come,
 Triumphant to her heavenly home.
- 19 Brought by his sweet attracting grace,
 She first shall in his sight appear,
 In holiness before his face,
 Made perfect with her followers here;
 Spotless, and pure, a virgin train
 They all shall in his palace reign.
- 20 In lieu of seers and patriarchs old,
 Of whom she once did make her boast;
 The virgin mother shall behold
 Her numerous sons, a princely host;
 Install'd o'er all the earth abroad,
 Anointed kings and priests to God.
- 21 Thee Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
 Of lords, I glory to proclaim;

From

From age to age thy praise record,
 That all the world may learn thy name :
 And all shall soon thy grace adore,
 When time and sin shall be no more.

P S A L M XLVII.

CLAP your hands, ye people all,
 Praise the God on whom ye call ;
 Lift your voice and shout his praise,
 Triumph in his sov'reign grace.

Glorious is the Lord Most High,
 Terrible in majesty ;

He his sov'reign sway maintains,
 King o'er all the earth he reigns.

He the people shall subdue,
 Make us kings and conq'rors too ;
 Force the nations to submit,
 Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
 Number us with Israel's sons ;
 God our heritage shall prove,
 Give us all a lot of love.

Jesus is gone up on high,
 Takes his seat above the sky :
 Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
 Echoing to the trump of God !

Sons of earth the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine :
 Emulate the heavenly powers,
 Their victorious Lord is ours.

Shout the God enthron'd above,
 Trumpet forth his conq'ring love ;
 Praises to our Jesus sing,
 Praises to our glorious King !

Power is all to Jesus given,
 Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven
 Power he now to us imparts :
 Praise him with believing hearts.

- 9 Heathens he compels to' obey ;
 Saints he rules with mildest sway ;
 Pure and holy hearts alone
 Chuses for his quiet throne.
- 10 Peace to them and power he brings,
 Makes his subjects priests and kings ;
 Guards while in his worship join'd,
 Bids them cast the world behind.
- 11 On himself he takes their care,
 Saves them not by sword or spear ;
 Safely to his house they go,
 Fearless of th' invading foe.
- 12 God keeps off the hostile bands,
 God protects their happy lands ;
 Stands as keeper of their fields,
 Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 13 Wonderful in saving power,
 Him let all our hearts adore ;
 Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
 Glory be to God most high !

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, for man hath none,
 From day to day he still goes on
 To swallow up his prey :
 My foes continual battles wage,
 And strive with unrelenting rage
 My helpless soul to slay.
- 2 Dreadful in number and in power,
 I see them ready to devour ;
 But when to thee I cry,
 Returns my faith, retires my fear,
 I feel, I feel the Saviour near,
 The Lord, the Lord most high !
- 3 Thro' thee I will thy word proclaim,
 And bless the mighty Jesu's name,
 In whom I still confide :
 Jesus is good, and strong, and true,
 I will not fear what man can do,
 When God is on my side.

- 4 They daily wrest the words I speak,
In all their thoughts my ruin seek,
And close in ambush lie;
They mark my steps, where'er I turn,
As not to rest their rage had sworn,
Till by their hands I die.
- 5 But thou, O Lord, shall vengeance take,
And cast into the burning lake
The vessels of thine ire;
Who thee, and all thy people hate,
Shall feel thy righteous anger's weight,
In everlasting fire.
- 6 I now beneath their fury groan,
But thou hast all my sufferings known,
The hasty flights I took;
Thou treasur'st up my counted tears,
And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears,
Are noted in thy book.
- 7 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For God is on my side;
Thro' thee will I thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesu's name,
And still in him confide.
- 8 In God I trust, the good, the true:
I will not fear what flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my part:
I bless thee, Saviour, for thy grace,
Offer my sacrifice of praise,
And pay thee all my heart.
- 9 For thou hast sav'd my soul from death,
From sin, the world, and hell beneath;
Thou hast my sins forgiven:
That I the glorious light may see,
Walk before God, and perfect be,
And live the life of heaven.

(P S A L M . LVII .)

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God, to me,
To me who in thy love confide;
G To

To thy protecting love I flee,
 Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,
 Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,
 And cruel sin subfills no more.

2 To God will I in trouble cry,
 Who freely undertakes my cause ;
 My God, most merciful and high,
 Shall save me from the lion's jaws ;
 Destroy him ready to devour,
 With all his works and all his power.

3 The Lord out of his holy place
 His mercy and his truth shall send :
 Jesus is full of truth and grace,
 Jesus shall still my soul defend :
 While in the toils of hell I lie,
 And from the den of lions cry.

4 Among the sons of men I dwell,
 Fierce as the wildest beasts of prey ;
 Inflam'd with rage, like fiends in hell,
 My soul they seek to tear and slay :
 As spears their teeth, as darts their words,
 Their double tongues are two-edg'd swords.

5 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest names in earth and heaven ;
 Let angels sing thy glorious love,
 And bless the name to sinners giv'n ;
 All earth and heaven their king proclaim ;
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name.

6 To thee let all my foes submit,
 Who hunt and bow my spirit down ;
 Themselves shall fall into their pit,
 Who seek my death, ensure their own :
 Satan and sin their doom shall have,
 And sink into th' infernal grave.

7 My heart 'is fix'd, O God, my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace :
 (Awake my lute, and bear thy part)
 My glory is to sing thy praise ;
 'Tis all thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all thy image wake.

- 8 Thee will I praise among thine own ;
 Thee will I to the world extol ;
 And make thy truth and goodness known :
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;
 Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,
 Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 9 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
 The highest name in earth or heaven ;
 Let angels sing thy glorious love,
 And bless the name to sinners given ;
 All earth and heaven their king proclaim,
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name !

P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **L**ORD of the world above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwelling of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are !
 To thine abode my heart aspires,
 With warm desires to see my God !
- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still : And happy they
 That love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears ;
 Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heaven appears :
 O glorious feat ! Thou God our king,
 Shalt thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow upon our race
 His saving grace, and glory too.
- 5 The Lord his people loves,
 His hand no good with-holds

From those his heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls;
 Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts alone in thee !

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell :
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
 Both heaven and earth just praises owe ;
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.
- 3 What seraph of celestial birth
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?
 Or who among the gods of earth,
 With our almighty Lord compare ?
- 4 With reverence and religious dread
 His servants to his house should press :
 His fear thro' all their hearts should spread,
 Who his almighty name confess.
- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast
 Of strength and power, like thine renown'd ?
 Of such a num'rous, faithful host,
 As that which does thy throne surround ?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
 And change the prospect of the deep :
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In thee the sov'reign right remains
 Of earth and heaven : Thee, Lord, alone
 The world and all that it contains,
 Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
 Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign :
 Possess of absolute command,
 Thou truth and mercy dost maintain !

P S A L M C.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **M**Y soul inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And after sickness makes thee sound:
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends,
Above this little spot of clay:
So much his boundless love transcends
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far hath he our sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender breast
Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.

6 The Lord, the universal king,
In heaven hath fix'd his lofty throne :
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his praise is shewn.

7 Ye, that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will ;
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

8 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express ;
And in this concert bear thy part.

P S A L M CIV.

1 **B**LESS God, my soul ; thou Lord alone
Possessest empire without bounds ;
With honour thou art crown'd : thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heav'n's curtain stretch'd beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chamber in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds on which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill ;
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All pleas'd to serve their Sov'reign's will.

5 Earth, on her center fix'd, he set,
Her face with waters overspread ;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd, as yet,
To lift above the waves their head.

6 But when the awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard ;
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

7 Thence

- 7 Thence up by secret tracts they creep,
 And gushing from the mountain's side,
 Thro' valleys travel to the deep,
 Appointed to receive their tide.
- 8 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
 The threat'ning surges to repel;
 That they no more o'erpass their bounds,
 Nor to a second deluge swell.

Part the Second.

- 1 **Y**ET, thence in smaller parties drawn,
 The sea recovers her lost hills;
 And starting springs from every lawn
 Surprise the vale with plenteous rills.
- 2 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
 Weary with labour, faint with drought;
 And asses, on wild mountains bred,
 Have sense to find these currents out.
- 3 There shady trees from scorching beams
 Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
 They drink, and for the bounteous streams
 Return the tribute of their song.
- 4 Thy rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
 That soon transmit the liquid store;
 Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,
 And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 5 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
 Thou mak'st the growth of ev'ry field;
 Herbs for man's use of various power,
 That either food or physick yield.
- 6 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
 To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares;
 Gives oil that makes his face to shine,
 And corn that wasted strength repairs.

Part the Third.

- 1 **T**HE trees of God; without the care
 Or art of man, with sap are fed;
 The mountain-cedar looks as fair
 As those in royal gardens bred.

- 2 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms
The wand'ers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.
- 3 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
It's tow'ring heights their fortrels make;
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.
- 4 The moon's inconstant aspect shews
Th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
His hour to rise; and disappear.
- 5 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence that sends them prey.
- 6 They range all night on slaughter bent,
'Till summon'd by the rising morn;
To sculk in dens with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.
- 7 Forth to the tillage of the soil
The husbandman securely goes;
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.
- 8 How various, Lord, thy works are found;
For which thy wisdom we adore;
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more

Part the Fourth.

- 1 **B**UT still the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies;
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form and every size.
- 2 Full freighted ships from every port
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport,
Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.
- 3 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree;

All

- All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms of thee.
- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide ;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother-earth return.
- 6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth
To' inspire the mass with vital seed ;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus thro' successive ages stands
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;
Pleas'd with the work of thine own hands,
Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;
One touch from thee with clouds of smoke,
In darknels shrouds the proudest hills.
- 9 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere as is in him my joy.
- 10 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
My soul, praise thou his holy name ;
'Till with my song the list'ning world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless :
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God thro' the world extends his sway;
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

3 Tho' tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care ;
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companion of the greatest there.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
 And suffering saints on earth adore ;
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When earth and heaven shall be no more.

P S A L M CXIV.

1 **W**HEN Israel freed from Pharoah's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land ;
 The tribes with chearful homage own
 Their King ; and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way :
 Jordan beheld their march and fled,
 With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;
 Like Lambs the little hillocks leap :
 Not Sinai on his base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide ?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?

5 Let every mountain, every flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The king of Israel : See him here :
 Tremble thou earth ; adore and fear.

- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

THE SAME.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Conducted by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand;
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his fav'rite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to his head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent God;
The mountains skip'd like frightened rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.

- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea,
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeas'd at thee?
And why should hills and mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, who skip'd like rams,
Ye hills, who leap'd as frightened lambs!

- 4 Earth tremble on, with all thy sons
In presence of thy awful Lord;
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sov'reign word:
He shakes the center with his nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

- 5 Creation varied by his hand,
Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows;
And all things as they change proclaim,
Their Lord eternally the same.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **O** THOU, who when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove;
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.

2 Since

- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And heard me when I pray'd;
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass round;
Anguish, and sin, and dread, and pain,
On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O save (in my distress I said)
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art, how large thy grace;
How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight'st to raise;
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul be never more
With anxious thoughts distressed;
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, and joy, and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free;
Redeem'd from death, and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 YE Nations, who the globe divide,
Ye num'rous nations scatter'd wide,
To God your grateful voices raise;
To all his boundless mercies shown,
His truth to endless ages known,
Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To Him, who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son who deign'd to die,
Our guilt and errors to remove!
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love!

P S A L M CXVIII.

1 **A** L L glory to our gracious Lord ;
 His love be by his church ador'd,
 His love eternally the same :
 His love let Aaron's sons confess,
 His free and everlasting grace
 Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

In trouble on the Lord I cried,
 And felt the pard'ning word applied ;
 He answer'd me in peace and power :
 He pluck'd my soul out of the net,
 In a large place of safety set,
 And bade me go and sin no more.

2 The Lord I now can say, is mine,
 And confident in strength divine,
 Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear :
 Jesus the Saviour takes my part,
 And keeps the issues of my heart ;
 My helper is for ever near.

Wherefore I soon my wish shall see
 On all who hate and strive with me :
 My full redemption now draws nigh ;
 Mine enemies shall all be slain,
 And not one spot of sin remain ;
 Its relicks shall for ever die.

3 Better it is in God to trust,
 In God the good, the strong, the just,
 Than a false, sinful child of man :
 Better in Jesus to confide,
 Than every other prince beside, '
 Who offer all their helps in vain.

His all-sufficient help I found,
 By hostile nations compass'd round,
 And him my Saviour I proclaim :
 Hell, earth, and sin subdu'd I see ;
 I soon shall more than conqu'ror be,
 And all destroy thro' Jesu's name.

4 They kept me in on every side,
 Satan, the world, and lust, and pride,

On every side they kept me in :
 Yet thro' thy name on which I call,
 I surely shall destroy them all ;
 My Lord shall make an end of sin.

Begirt with hosts of enemies
 Vexatious as thick-swarming bees,
 Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see
 Their fury's momentary flame ;
 I all destroy thro' Jesu's name,
 And live from sin for ever free.

- 5 O sin, my cruel bosom-foe,
 Oft hast thou fought my soul to' o'erthrow,
 And sorely thrust at me in vain :
 In my defence the Saviour stood,
 Cover'd with his victorious blood,
 And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.

Righteous I am in him and strong,
 He is become my joyful song,
 My Saviour and salvation too ;
 I triumph thro' his mighty grace,
 And pure in heart shall see his face,
 And rise in Christ a creature new.

- 6 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
 And thanks for his redeeming grace
 Among the justified is found :
 With songs that rival these above,
 With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,
 Both day and night their tents resound.

The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought,
 Above the reach of human thought,
 The Lord's right hand exalted is :
 We see it still stretch'd out to save,
 The power of God in Christ we have,
 And Jesus is the Prince of peace.

- 7 I shall not die in sin but live,
 To Christ my Lord the glory give,
 His miracles of grace declare ;
 When he the work of faith hath done,

When

When I have put his image on,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
And bruis'd for mine iniquity,
Yet mercy would not give me up;
Caught from the jaws of second death,
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

8 Open the gates of righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my peace,
That I his praises may record:
He is the truth, the life, the way,
The portal of eternal day,
The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

Through him the just shall enter in,
Sav'd to the uttermost from sin;
Already sav'd from all its power;
The Lord my righteousness I praise,
And calmly wait the perfect grace,
When born of God I sin no more.

9 Jesus is lifted up on high,
Whom man refus'd and doom'd to die,
He is become the corner stone:
Head of his church he lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on his everlasting throne.

The Lord th' amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,
Reviv'd on the third glorious day;
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In him, who bears their sins away.

10 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise;
O send us now thy saving grace;
Make this the acceptable hour:
Our hearts would now receive thee in;
Enter, and make an end of sin,
And bless us with the perfect power:

Bless us, that we may call thee blest,
Sent down from heaven to give us rest,
Thy gracious Father to proclaim;
His sinless nature to impart,
In every new believing heart
To manifest his glorious name.

- 11 God is the Lord that shews us light,
Then let us render him his right,
The offering of a thankful mind;
Present our living sacrifice,
And to his cross in closest ties
With cords of love our spirit bind.
Thou art my God, and thee I praise,
Thou art my God, I sing thy grace,
And call mankind to' extol thy name:
All glory to our gracious Lord,
His name be prais'd, his love ador'd
Thro' all eternity the same.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
The everlasting hills;
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down: the God and Lord,
That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always: pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide;
Lean on thy Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps;
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy keeper can surprize;
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:

He

He is Israel's sure defence,
 Israel all his care shall prove ;
 Kept by watchful Providence,
 And ever-waking love.

4 See the Lord thy keeper stand,
 Omnipotently near :
 Lo ! he holds thee by thy hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head,
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

5 Thee in evil's scorching day,
 The sun shall never smite ;
 Thee the moon's malignant ray
 Shall never blast by night :
 Safe from known or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
 God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
 Shall keep thee safe from all.

6 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin :
 Like thy spotless Master, thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth and evermore.

P S A L M CXXII.

1 **O** How everjoy'd was I
 When the solemn hour drew nigh !
 Summon'd to the house of prayer,
 Flew my soul to worship there.
 Come, my chearful brethren said,
 Let us go with holy speed ;
 Let us haste with one accord
 To the temple of our Lord.

2 Running at his kind command,
 There our ready feet shall stand :

Still within the sacred gate
 Will we for his mercy wait :
 Love the channels of his grace,
 Reverence the hallow'd place :
 Where our Lord records his name,
 Stay we in Jerufalem.

3 God hath built his church below,
 Labour'd all his art to shew ;
 Each with each the parts agree,
 Fram'd in perfect fymmetry ;
 There the chosen tribes go up
 Testify their gospel-hope ;
 Praise and blefs th' incarnate Word,
 Shout the name of Christ their Lord !

4 There are Aaron's mitred sons,
 There the apostolic thrones ;
 Moses' legislative chair,
 God's great hierarchy there.
 Pray, my friends, and never cease,
 Wrestle on for Sion's peace ;
 Make her still your pious care,
 On your hearts for ever bear.

5 Hail the venerable name,
 Lovely, dear Jerufalem !
 Thee who blefs shall blessed be,
 Prosper for their love to thee.
 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
 Plenty deck thy palaces ;
 Jesus send thee from above
 All the treasures of his love.

6 For my friend and brethren's sake,
 Thee my dearest charge I make ;
 England's des'late church be mine,
 Sion, all my soul be thine.
 O thou temple of my God,
 For thy sake I spend my blood.
 Longing here thy rise to see,
 Glad to live and die for thee.

P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 **O** THOU that on thine heav'nly throne
 Dost undisturb'd for ever reign;
 To thee a worm of earth I groan,
 To thee I lift my eyes in pain;
 And weary of my burthen pray
 Thy love to take this curse away.
- 2 As servants, whom their Lords chastise,
 Beneath the scourge impatient stand;
 So on the Lord we turn our eyes,
 And wait till mercy stops his hand;
 Till all his grievous plagues remove,
 And angry justice yields to love.
- 3 Have mercy, Lord, the world restrain;
 The wicked is a scourge of thine:
 Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,
 Dire instrument of wrath divine:
 Our soul in helpless misery lies,
 And only thou can'st bid us rise.
- 4 Contemn'd and hated for thy cause,
 Thy only favour we implore;
 Strengthen us to endure the cross,
 Till all their tyranny is o'er:
 Till Christ with our reward come down,
 And ev'ry sufferer takes his crown.

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord for Israel stood,
 When men and fiends against us rose;
 Stretch'd out his hand, and stem'd the flood,
 And stopt the fury of our foes;
 Our foes had swallow'd up their prey,
 And torn our shield and souls away.
- 2 Had not the Lord, we now may cry,
 Appear'd his people to sustain;
 The threat'ning floods that dash'd the sky,
 Had whirl'd us down to hell again:
 O'erwhelm'd us in the gulph beneath,
 And plung'd our souls in endless death.

3 But

- 3 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,
 And kept us in our evil hour;
 His name be blest and glorify'd,
 He hath not left us to their power;
 His word restrain'd their lawless will,
 And bade the raging sea be still.
- 4 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth,
 Our souls have 'scap'd the fowler's snare;
 Broke thro' the toils of sin and death!
 And lo! our helper we declare;
 The Lord of heav'n and earth proclaim,
 And blest th' almighty Jesu's name.

P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **W**HO in the Lord confide,
 And feel his sprinkled blood;
 In storms and hurricanes abide
 Firm as the mount of God:
 Stedfast, and fixt, and sure,
 His Sion cannot move;
 His faithful people stand secure
 In Jesu's guardian love.
- 2 As round Jerusalem
 The hilly bulwarks rise;
 So God protects and covers them,
 From all their enemies.
 On every side he stands,
 And for his Israel cares;
 And safe in his almighty hands
 Their souls for ever bears.
- 3 For lo! the reign of hell
 And hellish men is o'er;
 They can persuade, they can compel
 The just to sin no more:
 To devils, men, or sin,
 They need no more give place;
 Nor ever touch the thing unclean,
 When cleans'd by pard'ning grace.
- 4 But let them still abide,
 In thee all-gracious Lord;

Till

Till ev'ry soul is sanctified,
 And perfectly restor'd :
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend ;
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.

5 Who to their sins draw back,
 And love again to stray :
 The narrow path of life forsake,
 And thron' the spacious way ;
 Back to their vomit turn,
 And fall from pard'ning grace ;
 The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
 And drive them from his face.

6 But peace, and pow'r, and love,
 Shall Israel's portion be ;
 They all his promises shall prove,
 And all his goodness see :
 Holy and pure in heart
 Obtain the perfect pow'r ;
 They can no more from God depart
 When they can sin no more.

P S A L M CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN our redeeming Lord
 Pronounc'd the pard'ning word ;
 Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprize we found !
 Wonder ask'd, " And can it be !"
 Scarce believ'd the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream ?
 And are we sav'd thro' him ?
 Yes, our bounding heart replied ;
 Yes, broke out our joyful tongue ;
 Freely we are justify'd ;
 This the new, the gospel song !

3 The heathen too could see
 Our glorious liberty :
 All our foes were forc'd to own,
 God for them hath wonders wrought :

Wonders

Wonders he for us hath done,
From the house of bondage brought.

- 4 To us our gracious God
His pard'ning love hath shew'd ;
Now our joyful souls are free
From the guilt and power of sin ;
Greater things we soon shall see,
We shall soon be pure within.

- 5 Turn us again, O Lord,
Pronounce the second word :
Loose our hearts, and let us go
Down the Spirit's fullest flood ;
Freely to the fountain flow,
All be swallow'd up in God.

- 6 Who for thy coming wait,
And wail their lost estate ;
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
Who for full redemption weep ;
They shall thy appearing feel,
Sow in tears, in joy to reap.

- 7 Who seed immortal bears,
And wets his path with tears ;
Doubtless he shall soon return,
Bring his sheaves with vast increase ;
Fully of the Spirit born,
Perfected in holiness.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways ;
An earnest of his great reward
On earth his master pays.
- 2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain,
For perishable food ;
Thy father shall his own sustain,
And fill thy soul with good.
- 3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,
And on his fulness feed ;
Jesus, who came from heav'n for thee,
Shall be thy living bread.

4 Thy

Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
 Her blooming offspring shew ;
 Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
 His pleasant plants below.
 Around thy plenteous table spread
 Like olive-branches fair ;
 Heav'n-ward they in thy steps shall tread,
 And meet their parents there.
 Thus shall the man be blest who owns
 His Maker for his Lord :
 Or doubly blest with better sons
 Begotten by the word.
 The children of thy faith and prayer
 Thy joyful eyes shall see ;
 Shall see the prosp'rous church, and share
 In her prosperity.
 Sion again shall lift her head,
 And flourish all thy days ;
 Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
 And bless the rising race.
 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
 With *Israel's* blessing blest ;
 Thou then the church above shalt join,
 And gain the heavenly rest.

P S A L M CXXXI.

LORD, if thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart :
 I shall as my Master be,
 Rooted in humility.

From the time that thee I know,
 Nothing shall I seek below ;
 Aim at nothing great or high,
 Lowly both my heart and eye.
 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Aw'd into a little child ;
 Quiet now without my food,
 Wean'd from ev'ry creature-good.

- 4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry ;
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love.
- 5 O that all might seek and find,
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd ;
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore !

P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER Lord, that pious zeal
Of ev'ry soul that cleaves to thee ;
The troubles for thy sake they feel,
Their eager hopes thy house to see ;
Their vows to cry and never rest,
Till thou art in thy church ador'd ;
And dwell'ft in ev'ry faithful breast,
And count'ft them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 We too the joyful sound have heard,
That God is coming to his place,
Here in the wilderness prepar'd ;
Our Lord his ruin'd church shall raise :
For this their willing soul shall go,
And lowly at his footstool lie ;
Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
And for a glorious temple cry.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thou, and thy ark of perfect power ;
God over all, for ever blest,
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore :
Thy priests be cloath'd with righteousness,
Thy praise their happy lives employ ;
The saints in thee their all possess,
And shout the sons of God for joy.
- 4 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
Us, thine anointed ones, receive ;
In the Belov'd accepted make,
And bid us to thy glory live :
The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,
And seal'd the cov'nant with his Son ;

I will

I will thy faithful seed increase,
And 'stablish them on David's throne.

5 If in my word thy children stay,
And in their Saviour's footsteps tread ;
The glorious gospel-truth obey,
The truth shall make them free indeed :
Renew'd and sanctified by grace,
The pillars shall no more remove ;
An holy, chosen, perfect race,
Enthron'd in everlasting love.

6 For lo ! the Lord a seed hath chose,
His grace and glory to display ;
His own peculiar people those
Whoe'er the gospel-call obey :
Sion, he saith, my rest shall be,
The faithful shall my presence feel :
I long for all who long for me,
And will in them for ever dwell.

7 I will increase their gracious store,
My Sion every moment feed ;
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread :
With garments of salvation deck
Her priests, and cloath with robes of praise ;
Her faints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout my all-sufficient grace.

8 There shall the horn of David bud,
There I have set the lamp divine ;
The wisdom and the power of God,
In mine anointed Son shall shine :
Messias on my throne shall sit
Supreme, till all his foes are slain ;
Till death expires beneath his feet,
The sinner's advocate shall reign.

P - S A L M CXXXIII.

1 **B**EHOLD how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace ;
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness ;

I

When

- When brethren all in one agree ;
 Who knows the joys of unity !
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,
 (True followers of the Lamb,
 The same in heart and mind)
 And think and speak the same ;
 And all in love together dwell ;
 The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,
 The joys of heaven we prove ;
 This is the gospel-grace,
 The unction from above ;
 The Spirit on all believers shed,
 Descending swift from Christ our head.
- 4 Where unity is found,
 The sweet anointing grace
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the place ;
 To every waiting soul it comes,
 And fills it with divine perfumes.
- 5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
 For us the gift receiv'd ;
 For us and all the rest,
 Who have in him believ'd :
 Forth from our Head the blessing goes,
 And all his seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all his chosen ones
 The precious oil comes down :
 It runs, and as it runs,
 It ever will run on ;
 Even to his skirts, (the meanest name
 That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.)
- 7 From Aaron's beard it rolls
 (Those nearest to his face)
 The humble, trembling souls,
 Who feebly sue for grace ;
 I know the grace for all is free,
 For lo ! it reaches now to me.

- 8 Grace every morning new,
And every night we feel
The soft refreshing dew,
That falls from Hermon's hill
On Sion it doth sweetly fall,
The grace of one descends on all.
- 9 Ev'n now our Lord doth pour
The blessing from above ;
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love ;
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God and love of man.
- 10 In him when brethren join,
And follow after peace ;
The fellowship divine
He promises to bless ;
His chiefest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.
- 11 The riches of his grace
In fellowship are given,
To Sion's chosen race,
The citizens of heaven ;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 YE Servants of God, whose diligent care
Is ever employ'd in watching and pray'r ;
With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows :
And while ye are giving your Maker his due,
The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 THOU Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down :
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts, and private ways :
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.
- 3 Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
- 4 O, could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light :
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main ;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night :
One glance from thee, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part ;
Each single thread, in nature's loom,
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
- 10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame ;
The wonders thou in me hast shewn,
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 11 Thine eye my substance did survey
While yet a lifeless mass it lay ;

In secret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark inclosure brought.

- 12 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee ;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since the maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart ;
If evil lurk in any part,
Correct me where I go astray ;
And guide me in thy perfect way.

P S A L M CXLV. 7, &c.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly king ;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies :
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes the creatures wait
On thee, for daily food ;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves ;
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim :
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Part the Second, Ver. 14, &c.

- 1 L E T every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown ;
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou fav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad :
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God !

P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train :
His truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace :

He

He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glories infinite :
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky ;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 6 What is the creature's skill or force ;
The sprightly man or warlike horse ;
The piercing wit, the active limb ?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 7 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

8 Praise

- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God ;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 The sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays ;
 Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fixt their wond'rous frame ;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in show'rs, or snow ;
 Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
 His power and glory shew.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord ;
 When ye in vengeful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above
 His honours be exprest :
 But those, who taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

Part the Second.

- 1 **L**ET earth and ocean know,
 They owe their Maker praise ;
 Praise him, ye watry worlds below,
 And monsters of the seas.
- 2 From mountains near the sky,
 Let his loud praise resound ;
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.

- 3 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze ;
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 4 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear ;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 5 Ye creeping ants, and worms,
His various wisdom show ;
And flies, in all your shining forms,
Praise him that drest you so.
- 6 By all the earth-born race
His honours be express'd ;
But those, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

Part the Third.

- 1 **M**ONARCHS of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King ;
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 2 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high ;
While growing babes, and with'ring age
Their feeble voices try.
- 3 United zeal be shewn,
His wond'rous fame to raise ;
God is the Lord ; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 4 Let nature join with art,
And both pronounce him blest ;
But saints, who dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

THE SAME.

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame :
His praise your songs employ,
Above the starry frame,

Your

Your voices raise, ye Cherubim
And Seraphim, to sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare, ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name;
By whose almighty word,
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last from changes free;
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales;
And fish that thro' the sea
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales:
Fire, hail, and snow, and misty air,
And winds that where he bids them blow.

5 By hills and mountains (all
In grateful concert join'd);
By cedars, stately, tall,
And trees for fruit design'd;
By ev'ry beast, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.

6 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humble frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim;
In this design let youth with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.

7 United zeal be shewn,
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name alone
Deserves our endless praise;
Earth's utmost ends his power obey,
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

8. His

- 8 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high ;
 And favours all their race,
 Whose hearts to him are nigh :
 O therefore raise your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice your Lord to praise.

THE SAME.

- 1 **Y**E, who dwell above the skies,
 Free from human miseries ;
 Ye, whom highest heaven imbow'rs,
 Praise the Lord with all your pow'rs.
- 2 Angels, your clear voices raise ;
 Him ye heavenly armies praise ;
 Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
 All ye sparkling eyes of night.
- 3 Water hanging in the air,
 Heaven of heavens his praise declare ;
 His deserved praise record,
 His, who made you by his word.
- 4 Let the earth his praise resound,
 Monstrous whales, and seas profound :
 Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
 Storms, which, where he bids you, blow.
- 5 Flow'ry hills, and mountains high ;
 Cedars, neighbours to the sky ;
 Trees and cattle, creeping things ;
 All that cut the air with wings.
- 6 Ye, who awful scepters sway,
 Ye, accusom'd to obey ;
 Princes, judges of the earth,
 All of high, and humble birth :
- 7 Youths and virgins, flourishing
 In the beauty of your spring ;
 Ye, who were but born of late,
 Ye, who bow with age's weight ;
- 8 Praise his name with one consent :
 O how great ! how excellent !

Than

Than the earth profounder far,
Higher than the highest star.

- 9 He will his to glory raise ;
Ye, his saints, resound his praise ;
Ye, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love, and sov'reign grace.

THE SAME.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, ye' immortal choir
That fill the realms above ;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye chrystal skies,
The floor of his abode :
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Thro' the ethereal blue ;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar ;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker, God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these ;

Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering thro' the trees.

9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow ;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

10 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky ;
While grovling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

11 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound ;
Echo the glories of your King
Thro' all the nations round.

P S A L M CL.

1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew ;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power
Him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heaven adore.

2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim ;
Praise him in the sacred dance,
Harmony's full concert raise ;
Let the virgin-choir advance,
And move but to his praise.

3 Celebrate th' eternal God
With harp and psaltery ;
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud
In his high praise agree ;
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly heart ;

K

All

All the power of music bring,
The music, of the heart.

- 4 Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King ;
Hallowed be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd ;
Praise the Lord in every breath ;
Let all things praise the Lord !

Hymn to GOD the FATHER.

- 1 **H**AIL, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend ;
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In light unsearchable enthron'd,
Which angels dimly see ;
The fountain of the Godhead own'd,
And foremost of the Three.
- 3 From thee thro' an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring flow'd ;
And everlasting Father thou,
As everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd ;
By wond'rous, unexhausted love,
To mortal man reveal'd.
- 5 Supreme, and all sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.
- 6 Thy name, Jehovah, be ador'd
By creatures without end ;
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

Hymn to GOD the SON.

- 1 **H**AIL, God the Son, in glory crown'd,
E'er time began to be ;

Thron'd

- Thron'd with thy Sire, thro' half the round
Of wide eternity !
- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame,
Display their author's power ;
And each exalted seraph-flame,
Creator, Thee adore !
- 3 Thy wond'rous love the Godhead shew'd,
Contracted to a span :
The co-eternal Son of God,
The mortal son of man.
- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,
Behold his life-blood stream !
Hail, Lord, Almighty to create !
Almighty to redeem !
- 5 The Mediator's God-like sway,
His church beneath sustains ;
Till nature shall her Judge survey,
The King Messiah reigns.
- 6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
When time shall cease to be ;
Thron'd with thy Father thro' the round
Of whole eternity.

Hymn to GOD the HOLY GHOST.

- 1 **H**AIL, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three ;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' abyfs
Of formless waters lay :
Spoke into order all that is,
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,
Thy presence who can fly ?
Known is the Father to thy fight,
Th' abyfs of Deity.
- 4 Thy power thro' Jesu's life display'd,
Quite from the virgin's womb ,

Dying, his soul an offering made,
And rais'd him from the tomb :

5 God's image, which our sins destroy,
Thy grace restores below ;
And truth, and holiness, and joy,
From thee, their fountain flow.

6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three ;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity !

Hymn to the TRINITY.

1 **H**A I L, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to Thee !
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

2 Inthron'd in everlasting state,
Ere time its round began ;
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.

3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd,
The seraphs veil their wings ;
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
Th' angelic army sings.

4 To thee, by mystic powers on high
Were humble praises given ;
When John beheld, with favour'd eye,
Th' inhabitants of heaven.

5 All, that the name of creature owns,
To Thee in hymns aspire :
May we, as angels on our thrones,
For ever join the choir !

6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
Be endless praise to Thee ;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

ANOTHER.

1 **L**E T God the Father live
For ever on our tongues ;

Sinners

Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.

- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour of the Son ;
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain ;
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd sin ;
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three
That seal the grace in heav'n ;
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal glory giv'n.

ANOTHER.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe,
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God :
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Causes the living springs of grace
To rise, and then in currents flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore :
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

The DIVINE PERFECTIONS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high :
The garments he assumes
Are light and Majesty ;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law :
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.
- 3 Thro' all his mighty works,
Amazing wisdom shines ;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their dark designs :
Strong is his arm and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend :
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend !
I love his name, I love his word,
Join, all my powers, to praise the Lord !

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

- 1 **H**ARK, dull Soul, how every thing
Strives to' adore our bounteous King !
Each a double tribute pays ;
Sings its part, and then obeys.
- 2 Nature's sprightliest, sweetest choir,
Him with chearful notes admire ;
Ev'ry day they chaunt their lauds,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 3 Tho' their voices lower be,
Streams too have their melody :
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.

- 4 All the flow'rs, that paint the spring,
Hither their still music bring ;
If heaven blefs them, thankful thoe
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Wake for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and sprigs, and flowers,
How to' employ thy nobler powers.
- 6 Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas he whole nature made :
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.
- 7 Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live by all thy works ador'd ;
One in three, and three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

Sun, Moon, and Stars, Praise ye the LORD.

- 1 **R**EGENT of all the worlds above,
Thou sun, whose rays adorn our sphere :
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circle of the year.
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays :
Or may the sun forget to rise,
When he forgets his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon ;
Whose paler fires and female light
Are softer rivals of the noon :
- 4 Arise, and to that sov'reign power,
Waxing and waining honours pay ;
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.
- 5 Ye glittering stars, that gild the skies,
When darkness has her curtain drawn ;
That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day are gone :

6 Proclaim

- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
 Dispers'd thro' all the heavenly strest ;
 Whose boundless treasures can afford
 So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the court divine ;
 Where, with inimitable light,
 The Godhead condescends to shine :
- 8 Praise thou the great inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On every angel, every saint ;
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 9 O God of glory, God of love,
 Thou art the sun that mak'st our days ;
 'Midst all thy wond'rous works above
 Let earth and dust attempt thy praise !

SONG to creating WISDOM.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings ;
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
 And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky !
 How glorious to behold ;
 Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run :
 There the pale planet rules the night,
 The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wand'ring eyes
 On clouds and storms below ;
 Those under regions of the skies
 Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey ;
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.

6 There,

- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
Thy thunders shakes our coast ;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.
- 7 On the thin air without a prop
Hang fruitful show'rs around ;
At thy command they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo here thy wondrous skill arrays
The fields in chearful green !
A thousand herbs thy art displays,
A thousand flow'rs between.
- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
Observe thy strong command ;
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.
- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wond'ring sight ;
Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength and equal skill,
Shine thro' the world abroad ;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder, God.
- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love !

Thanksgiving for God's particular Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost,
In wonder, love, and praise ?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest ;
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd ;
Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran ;
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ :
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 8 Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise ;
But O ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

God glorified, and sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !
How high thy wonders rise !
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill :
And on the wings of every hour,
We read thy patience still.

- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands,
On all thy creatures writ ;
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But, when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms :
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :
- 5 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night
We lie, till Christ restore the light :
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears ;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

The OFFICES of CHRIST.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
 Of wisdom, love, and power,
 That ever mortals knew,
 That angels ever bore ;
 All are too mean to speak thy worth,
 Too mean to set Thee, Saviour, forth.
- 2 But O what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use,
 To teach his heavenly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears for me !
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,
 Lo the Great Angel stands ;
 And holds the promises
 And pardons in his hands ;
 Commission'd from his Father's throne,
 To make his grace to mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue shall bless thy name ;
 By thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 5 Be thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern and my Guide ;
 And thro' this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side :
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice ;
 His watchful eye shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep :
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.
- 7 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
 Offer'd his blood and died :

My

My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside :
 His pow'rful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

- 8 O thou almighty Lord,
 My Conq'ror and my King,
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing :
 Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit
 In willing bonds before thy feet.
- 9 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down ;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown :
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 10 Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on ;
 I shall be safe for Christ displays
 Superior pow'r, and guardian grace.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

- 1 **A**N D must this body die ?
 This well-wrought frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mouldring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh ;
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer lives,
 And ever from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;

L

And

And every shape, and every face
Be heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love ;
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs ;
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HEAVEN begun on EARTH.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God :
But servants of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.

4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love :
Thou shalt send down thy heavenly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

5 There we shall see thy face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;

Celestial

Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

CHRIST worshipped by all Creatures.

- 1 COME let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be Lord, for ever thine.

- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

God our light in darkness.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights ;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss ;
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers " I am his."

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word ;

Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Would bear me conq'ror thro'.

Come, Lord JESUS.

- 1 **W**HEN shall thy lovely face be seen ?
When shall our eyes behold our God ?
What lengths of distance lie between ?
And hills of guilt ? A heavy load !
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow ;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the chrystal mountains flow.
- 3 Hark ! how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray, and wait the general doom ;
Come thou ! the soul of all our joys ;
Thou, the desire of nations, come !
- 4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee ;
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for immortality.
- 5 Now let our chearful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills :
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.
- 6 Hark ! what a shout of violent joys
Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound !
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
- 7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs :
Let every sacred, sleeping dust
Leap into life ; for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay ;

Quick

Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.

O ye Spirits and souls of the Righteous, bless ye
the LORD.

1 **H**AIL, glorious angels, heirs of light,
Ye high-born sons of fire!
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine
All joy, yet all desire. [bright

2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope
And expectation sat;
'Till for its king, heaven did set ope
Its everlasting gate.

3 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
Who bought that early ray,
Which from our sun, reflected came,
And made a glorious day.

4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
Bravely rejoic'd to prove,
How weak, pale death, are all thy darts
Compar'd to those of love.

5 Hail, bounteous virgins, whose pure love
Renounc'd all low desires;
Who wisely fixt your hearts above,
And burnt with heavenly fires.

6 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
Who make that glories ring
About the sparkling throne of love,
And there for ever sing.

7 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise
Accept this little wreath;
Which, while their lofty notes they raise,
We humbly sing beneath.

Solomon's Song, Chap. II. Verse 1, &c.

1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here;
The lilly which the vallies bear;
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.

- 2 Among the thorns as lillies shine,
Among wild gourds the mantling vine ;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat ;
Of heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 O never let my Lord depart :
Lie down and rest upon my heart :
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

Verse 8, &c.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me ;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue ;
Rise, faith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
The sacred turtle-dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 The' immortal Vine, of heavenly root
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit ;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice, and bless the Vine.
- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
" Rise up my love make haste away !"
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

Verse

Verse 14, &c.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives ;
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join :
Nor let a motion, or a word,
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er these hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.

Chap. III. Ver. 2, &c.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Chap. IV. Ver. 1, &c.

- 1 **K**I N D is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word ;
“ Thou

- " Thou art my chosen one, he cries,
 " Bound to my heart by various ties.
 2 " Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me ;
 " I will behold no spot in thee."
 What mighty wonders love performs,
 That puts a comeliness on worms !
 3 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
 Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair ;
 Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,
 Thy graces and thy righteousness.
 4 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
 Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, or force my stay
 From thee : Come, Saviour, come away.
 5 O may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies ;
 Till death shall make my last remove,
 To dwell for ever with my love.

Chap. V. &c.

- 1 **W**HO's this, who like the morning shews,
 When she her path with roses strews ;
 More fair than the replenish'd moon,
 More radiant than the sun at noon :
 Nor armies, with their ensigns spread,
 So threatening with amazing dread !
 2 His looks, like cedars planted on
 The brows of lofty Lebanon :
 His tongue the ear with music feeds,
 And he in every part exceeds :
 Among ten thousand he appears
 The chief, and beauty's ensign bears.
 3 I, my belov'd, am only thine ;
 And thou by just exchange art mine,
 Come let us tread the pleasant fields,
 Taste we what fruit the country yields :
 There where no frosts our spring destroy :
 Shalt thou alone my love enjoy.

- 4 Be I, O thou my better part,
A seal imprest upon thy heart ;
Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
Their waters could not quench love's fire :
Nor all in nature's treasury,
The freedom of affection buy.
- 5 O thou that in thy chosen liv'st,
And life-infusing council giv'st,
To those that in thy songs rejoice,
To me address thy chearful voice ;
May I thy finger's signet prove ;
For death is not more strong than love.
- 6 Come, my belov'd, O come away,
Love is impatient of delay :
Run, like a youthful hart or roe
On hills where precious spices grow :
Love is impatient of delay,
Come, my belov'd, O come away !

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